

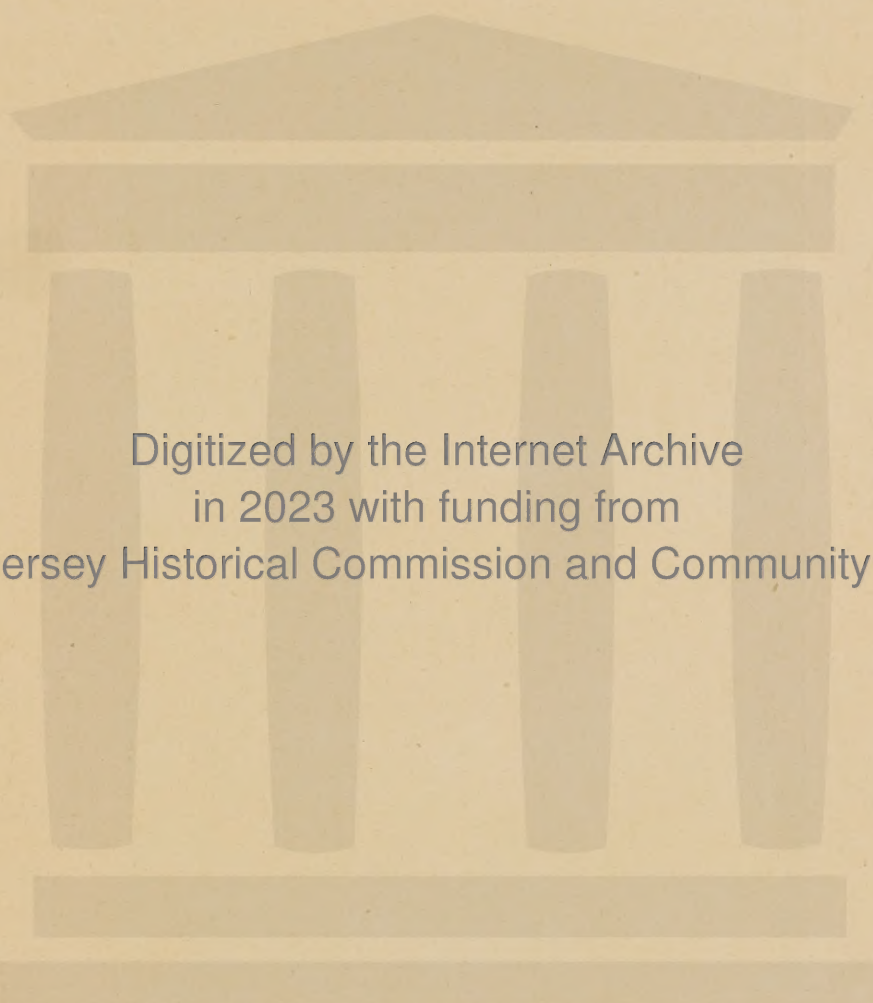
June, 1910

The ORACLE

YEAR BOOK OF THE
CLASS OF 1910

JUNE 1910





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Photo by Stone

LINDSEY BEST—Principal of the Plainfield High School.



The ORACLE



"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

Year Book of the Class of 1910

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of the Plainfield, N. J., High School.

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75 CENTS THE YEAR.

VOL. IX.

JUNE, 1910.

No. 3.

The Class Gift

High School years are long, full years of concentrated work. Behind this work there must be an all-planning guide, a man true to the core, whose ideas are steadfast, uplifting, whose personal influence means a great love and understanding of his fellow men. It is this personal influence, lingering even after the man has entered a different field of interest, which prompts us to remember OUR Mr. Travell. Before we leave our high school we wish to leave a picture of Mr. Travell for the coming Seniors and Seniors, so that when they pass through these halls and haunts of memory, his eyes may look down upon them in the same kindly guidance as we so well remember.

Mr. Abbott

Quiet streams flow on through time and eternity to the great deep sea bearing a gentle influence beneath their rippleless surfaces. Mr. Abbott in this same quiet way has worked among us. Mr. Charles F. Abbott entered the Board of Education Jan. 1, 1896, and continued a member until his impaired health compelled his resignation in December, 1909. During most of this period he was vice-president of the Board and chairman of the Building Committee. He was also a member of the Finance Committee and of the Board of School Estimate that determine each year the amount of money that shall be appropriated for school uses. In all these positions he was most efficient. He was intensely interested in the success of the schools and spent much time in furthering these interests.

Becoming impressed with the inadequacy of the High School accommodations, he interested himself in improving them and gave much thought and effort to the work of securing an appropriation for a new High School building and in seeing that it should be complete and eminently fitted to put the high school on a very high level.

All the teachers who came in contact with him found him to be a personal friend and prized greatly the warm-hearted interest he showed in them and their work.

The present generation of High School pupils and those for many generations to come owe him much for his work as a member of the Board of Education.

Vale! Vale!

And now we are no longer Seniors, but Alumni. We leave the protecting walls of high school for the horizon-bound world. Here are crowds of friends, hosts of memories, days full of good times; all are memories now. What we are, we are. What we may be, let time tell. May we all strive to live *real* lives, and be true to real ideals, be a help in the world, stepping outside of our own selfish spheres into the greater sphere where all mankind are our friends.

"True and victorious living is more to be desired than praise;
May you the battle endure and win, if not happiness, peace."

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—*Shakespeare.*

Class Poem—1910

Four years we've camped together,
Toiled thro' bright and stormy weather,
Closer, nearer, have we grown from day to day.
Now we smile, and looking back,
Seem to see upon the track,
Just the sunshine that was shed upon our way.

Life holds out for every one,
Some great task that must be done.
Success and joy we wish for every friend.
Separate every winding path!
Each will do the work he hath!
All rise victors when life's battles are at end.

May the fame that some acquire,
Help another to rise higher!
Tho' we're worsted, let us rise, and try again.
May the friendly hearts that here
In good fellowship drew near,
Learn that sweeter, greater love of fellow men.

Now the time is drawing nigh,
Soon we all must say good-bye,
Lingers yet another minute ere we part.
Cheer and courage, speed thee friend!
God be with thee to the end!
Let the mem'ries of these days aye cheer thy heart.

Now, dear comrades, tolls the bell.
Yes, 'tis time to say farewell.
Our happy camping days, at last are o'er.
Comrades now seem doubly dear.
Never shed that gath'ring tear!
But be happy! Life has wondrous things in store.

The Salutatory

Gentlemen of the Board of Education, Mr. Superintendent, Mr. Best and the members of his Faculty, Honorable Speaker and Citizens of Plainfield, greetings and salutations from the class of 1910! If you are glad to be here this evening, surely the class of 1910 is doubly glad. "Everything comes to him who will but work and wait." We have done both, and we have become in our turn the graduating class of the Plainfield High School.

It is a special pleasure to greet the Board of Education. During the four years of our High School course, the Board has silently worked beside us, making possible our many advantages. The class of 1910 is the first class to have spent four whole years in the High School building. It was a building well worth waiting for. We have appreciated it and we have appreciated all the good things that you have given us.

Dr. Maxson, you know how much our class loves you. It seems almost useless even to try to express our feelings. Every graduating class has told you of their great admiration, and 1910 shares the unanimous feeling a little more deeply.

And Mr. Best and the members of his faculty! Will it seem wrong to say that we are glad to leave old P. H. S.? Surely not, when one remembers the care which you have taken to prepare us for the future years. We *should* be glad to leave, to prove our worth and to prove the value of your careful training. To the untiring efforts of Mr. Travell, our principal for three years, we owe a large share of whatever success we may have gained. Mr. Best, you have been a teacher, but better than that, a friend to every one of us. It has been your first year as principal. Perhaps the class of 1910 sometimes made the waters troubled, but believe us, it was unintentional, and you have our best wishes for many more successful years as principal.

Very gladly do we greet you, citizens of Plainfield. You have helped make us what we are. You have made it possible for us to have the benefit of the best that education has to offer, and it is our fault if we have not taken the proper advantage of our opportunities. We realize that in a few years many of us will become citizens of Plainfield. It will then be only fitting that we should do for others even as you have done for us, and because of what you have done for us, we shall be better able to do for them. We thank you, citizens, for your interest and for your substantial help.

MARGARET VIRGINIA LEGGETT



Meta Rutter Pennock

Valedictorian



Margaret Virginia Leggett

Salutatorian

Vice President of 1910

Valedictory Address

A little hepatica on the barren mountainside struggles up thru the gray worn rocks into the air. Hindered in its growth by biting winds and overtowering stones, shielded by the same rough boulders, shaped by the nourishing soil, the faint sun, and March showers, the cramped curls unfold in the brighter April sunshine.

After four long years, surrounded by unconscious influences, our individuality is now developed. We may know the properties of hydrochloric acid, the character of Henry the Fifth, the meaning of a projected line, but these things are only the unrelated details of the picture. Our thoughts, our habits, our moods are now forever ours and will give life its true meaning. The fixative has set the drawing.

For all we may be to-night we thank our friends, our guides. Shall I say we are their shadows? Many things we have willed to do, but after all we are only the reflection of the silent influences about us. The stones, the soil, the rain, the sunshine all have done their work. And somewhere breathes a forest Deity who plans for every one. Against, and with our wills, we have been moulded by the master hand; and we are thankful with all our hearts for the mistakes by which we have learned, for every quirk and turn of our school life, and every self-sacrificing effort.

Yes, class-mates, we have pushed our slender stems thru Stygian rocks and breathed ozone under circling suns. Each impression is a blending of combined influences; the thoughts of others have seeped thru our ideals and left their traces. By daily friction we have filed down our sharp corners; lived, and lived happily, together. We have known and loved each other well.

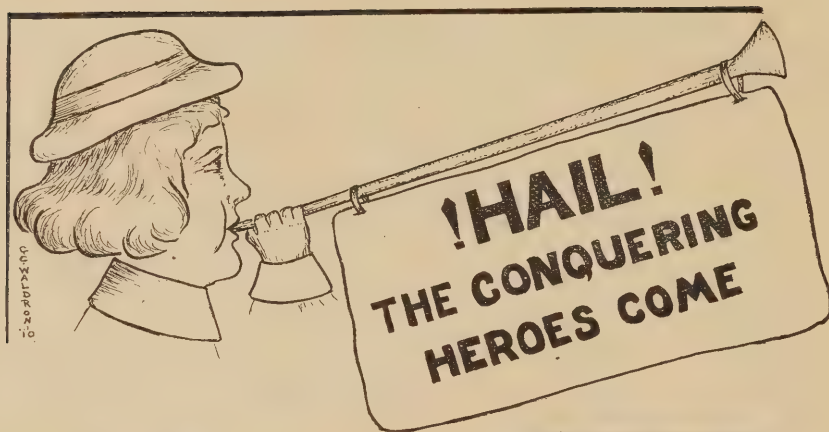
"The moving finger writes, and having writ,
May we, thru all the coming years that flit,
Not lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all our tears wash out a word of it."

And the hepatica?

We are pushing out into the great world. The shining sun and blowing wind will bring the flower face to face with blue skies. May our life be as real and true as our thoughts. We do not grow and bloom for mere existence. May we each strive to form a fair flower, cheer a little lonely child, found a happier home, make one heart the blither for our passing,—so—good-night.

META RUTTER PENNOCK.





AMY ABEL

"Chicken;" classical; Pratt Institute; Class Day Committee.



BESSIE ALPAUGH

"Betty;" classical; Dana Hall; Basketball team '07, '08; Captain '08; Second Cæsar prize '08; Junior play; Glee Club '10.



LOUISE S. ANDREWS

Classical; Dobbs Ferry; Basketball team '07-'08; Glee Club '08, '09, '10; G. A. A. Vice-President '08-'09; Junior play; "1910 Oracle Board."



ELSIE BIRD

Classical; P. G. course; Oracle Board '09-'10; Second Cicero prize '09; Second Modern Language prize '09; Glee Club, '09, '10.



ARLINE BROWN

Commercial; business; Glee Club '08, '09, '10.



MURIEL COLLINS

Classical; P. G. course; Glee Club, '07, '08, '09, '10; Junior play.



EDITH BUSH

General; Training School for Nurses.



ALICE DOANE

Classical; Earlham College.



EDNA COLE

General; P. G. course; Senior play.



MADELINE DURAR

General; P. G. course; Basket-ball team, '07, '08, '09.

**MYRA DUNAVAN**

Commercial; business.

**CORA GRAY**

Commercial; business.

**LILA DUY**

Classical; P. G. Course; Junior-Senior plays.

**MAUD GREENE**

Commercial; business.

**BARBARA FLEMING**

"Bibs;" classical; Basket-ball team '07, '08; Captain '07; Glee Club '10; Junior play.

**OUIDA HETFIELD**

Classical; P. G. course; Junior play; Class Day Committee.



RUTH KLEIN

Classical; P. G. course; Senior play.



ANNIE MAUGER

Commercial; business.



MARGARET V. LEGGETT

Salutatorian; classical; P. G. course; Class Vice-President '08, '10; G. A. A. Vice-President '08; President '09; *Oracle* Board '07, '08, '09, '10; Editor-in-chief '10; Alumni Editor '11; Chairman "1910 *Oracle* Board."



ELIZABETH MACLAY

"Lizzie;" classical; P. G. course.



HELEN MAC CALLUM

Commercial; business.



AGNES MOFFETT

Modern Language; Montclair Normal.



KATHARINE MOYNIHAN
"Spuds;" business; Junior play; Class Day Committee.



MARION PRAED
Modern Language; Swarthmore.



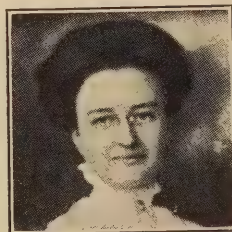
FRANCES NEWELL
Classical; P. G. course; Basket-ball team '10; Senior play.



META R. PENNCK
Valedictorian; classical; teaching; *Oracle* Board '09-'10; Glee Club '08, '09, '10; 1st Mathematics prize '09; 1st Cæsar prize '08; 2nd German prize '08; Senior play; "1910 *Oracle* Board."



GRACE D. PARKER
General; teaching; Junior play; 1st Babcock prize '09.



ETHEL O. ROGERS
Business; Librarian in Public Library.



MARY E. RADFORD

General; P. G. course; Glee Club '08, '09, '10; Senior play.



MIRIAM H. VAN HORN

"Midget;" Modern Language; Swarthmore.



HELEN L. SMITH

"Schmittty;" general; P. G. course; Glee Club '08, '09, '10.



BEULAH VAN WINKLE

Commercial; business; 2nd Amanuensis prize '09.



NETTIE STILLMAN

Commercial; business.



MARGUERITE VAN ZANT

Modern Language; P. G. Course; Class Secretary '09; Glee Club, '10.

**CELESTINE WALDRON**

"Sally;" Modern Language; P. G. course; Glee Club '08, '09, '10; Senior play.

**WILLIAM BULLOCK**

"Bill;" scientific; Penn. State College; Class base ball '09, '10; Manager '10; Senior play.

**MABEL WHITFORD**

General; teaching.

**HARRY BRICK**

"Singer;" commercial; business; *Oracle* Board '08-'09; "1910 *Oracle* Board;" 1st Stenography prize '09; 1st Book-keeping prize '07; 1st Type-writing prize '08; 1st Amenuensis prize '08; Class basket-ball team '07, '08, '09; Base ball '07, '08, '09; Senior play Manager.

**GRACE WOOLSTON**

Modern Language; Senior play.

**HORACE B. EARLE**

"Irish;" general; Yale Sheffield; Chairman Class Day Committee; "1910 *Oracle* Board;" Foot-ball team '08; Track '09, '10; Class basket-ball '08, '09; Class base-ball '08, '09, '10.



THEODORE HAMILTON

"Teddy;" classical; Penn. State; Class basket-ball '09; base-ball '09, '10; Senior play.



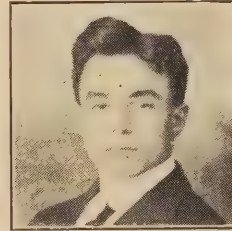
FRED D. LOIZEAUX

"Gutter-pup;" general; business; Class President '10; P. H. S. A. A. '10; *Oracle* Board '09; "1910 *Oracle* Board;" Class basket-ball '07, '08, '09, '10; Manager '10; Class base-ball '10; Senior play.



OTIS HOVEY

Scientific; Dartmouth; 2nd German prize '09; 2nd Mathematics prize '08.



D. RUSSELL MILLER

"Rus;" general; University of Pennsylvania; Class Secretary '07; Treasurer '10; "1910 *Oracle* Board;" *Oracle* Board '09; Glee Club '09, '10; P. H. S. Track '07, '08, '09, '10; Class basket-ball '07, '08, '10; Captain '10; Class base-ball '07, '08, '10.



RUSSELL P. MORRIS

"Rusty;" scientific; business; *Oracle* Board '07; Glee Club '08, '09, '10; P. H. S. foot-ball '07, '08; Basket-ball '07, '08, '09, '10; Track '07; Class base-ball '09.



JOHN KENNEY

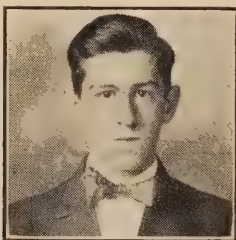
"Jack;" scientific; business.

**ALAN M. OVERTON**

"Ovie;" classical; Dartmouth; Class Day Committee; P. H. S. foot-ball '09; P. H. S. basket-ball '10; Class base-ball '10; Senior play.

**FRANK PUTNAM**

"Putty;" classical; business; Class base-ball '09, '10; Senior play.

**THOMAS E. RICKETTS**

"Tom;" scientific; Stevens; P. H. S. A. A. '10; Class Day Committee; P. H. S. foot-ball '08, '09; Basket-ball Manager '10; Track '08, '09; Class basket-ball '07, '08, '09, '10; Class base ball, '07, '08, '09, '10.

**HOWARD J. RUNYON**

"Stretch;" scientific; Stevens; Class President '07; Secretary '08, '10; Vice-President '09; P. H. S. A. A. '09, '10; Class Day Committee; 1st Bookkeeping prize '08; Base ball Manager '10; P. H. S. Track '09, '10; Class basket-ball '07, '08, '09, '10; Class base-ball '07, '08, '09, '10; Captain '09, '10; Junior-Senior play.

**LESTER SUTTON**

"Mollycule;" scientific; business; Senior play.

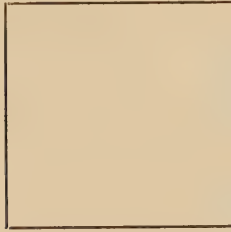
**J. OSGOOD SEWELL**

"Turk;" general; business; Foot-ball team '07.



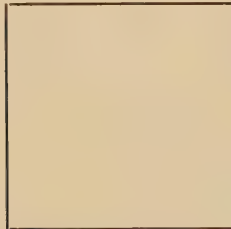
CLIFFORD B. VAIL

"Cupid;" general; business; P. H. S. Track '08, '09, '10; Class base-ball '08, '10; Class basket-ball '07, '08, '09, '10; Senior play.



JOHN S. RIFFERT

"Jack;" scientific; business; P. H. S. foot-ball '07, '08, '09; P. H. S. base-ball '08, '09, '10; Track '07, '08, '09; Glee Club '09, '10.



ARTHUR JOHNSON

General; business.

Here's Good-bye

TUNE—*"What's the matter with Father?"*

Our four years' camp is breaking up,
We're sorry that it's so,
For just to leave the faculty
Makes it so hard to go.
You surely were an E-Z bunch
Your marks have made us sick,
But otherwise you're mighty good,
And every one a brick.

Chorus—

So here's to our teachers,
Now, Good-bye,
So here's to the teachers of
Plainfield High.
Tho' very seldom was the day
You gave to any the letter "A,"
We love you as we go away,
Here's good-bye.

The Junior class we know will weep
When we get out of here;
To us they have been, oh, so cute,
And always acted dear.
But don't be lost, you gentle things,
When we leave Plainfield High,
Just take us for examples in
Your coming bye and bye.

Chorus—

So nineteen eleven,
Here's Good-bye.
Poor lonesome Juniors,
Please don't cry.
Just do exactly as we've done,
And you'll be sure to get the fun,
Now Plainfield High School you can run,
Here's Good-bye.

The little Sophs all stand around
With eyes brim full of tears,
We'll shout once as we go away
A nineteen-twelve in cheers.
Some day you'll be where us you see,
Remember and take heed,
Old nineteen-ten you cannot beat
In word or fame or deed.

Chorus—

Oh you giddy young Sophomores,
Here's farewell,
Oh you promising kiddies,
We wish you well.
Remember what your elders say,
Be great before you go away,
So nineteen-twelve,
Here's farewell.

The freshman class in cradles sleep,
They are so young to leave,
When they find what we've been to them,
They will awake and grieve.
To show the straight and narrow way
Has cost us many a weary day,
Blessings upon you, so we say,
As we go away.

Chorus—

To you verdant Freshmen,
Here's farewell.
Plenty of grinding soon will tell.
We'll all be working out our fate
When you dear babies graduate,
So nineteen-thirteen,
Here's farewell.



Fred D. Loizreaux

President, 1910



D. Russell Miller

Treasurer, 1910



Howard J. Runyon

Secretary, 1910

*"Our four years' camp is over now,
The time to go has come;
But we will tell all once again
Before this evening's done."*

It was a long, long while ago we started camping out here. It was so long ago, nothing but a faculty brain could remember it, and then we were only freshmen. You bet we all sat down at the faculty table and took lunch with our teachers the first day and a few of us tried to eat with the senior bunch. We got lost all over this old place till we began to learn our forest signs, and then we were all right and have been ever since. Soon the faculty realized that the genuine "candy class" had really entered. After we had dropped our green haze, we began the crack-a-jack career we are here to end.

I suppose you all remember how we celebrated Christmas our second year in camp by "salting down" those newly arrived 1911 campers. We really had some mighty bright people in our camp that year. Why, one of the girls—pardon me, I mean young ladies—went down to buy a ticket for a play that was to be given in the village. Well, she walked in and said to the ticket-seller, "Will you kindly tell me what a fifty-cent seat costs?" That's a fact! It only goes to show how it was that our campers received fifteen prizes at commencement that year. Four of our girls who played basket-ball had a "rep" for miles around, and the boy athletes were not far behind in fame.

Yes, we *did* have fine camping two seasons ago and lots of sport but *last* season certainly beat it. And say, that reminds me, didn't we turn the tables on the "1909 Camp" when they tried to roast us! Why their practical jokes returned right home to roast when we didn't get angry over them. And then the spread we invited them to after their failure,—it makes me hungry to think of it. Our camp certainly did know how to cook.

It didn't seem any time after that spread that a few of our party gave a couple of plays. We didn't have any scenery except the kind that is just naturally here, but we did score a big success, didn't we?

And how about the way we *ended up* the season? Why, we took away all the prizes from the other camps around here without trying. Nine prizes and nine honorable mentions, think of it!

The last is the best of all the game. Say people, do you remember that picnic on the mountain we had the first part of the year? Wasn't it great? Do you remember how Miss Bass won all the races and Mr. Best played brave life saver? We didn't get over feeling good about that picnic before the minstrel show came along; and really I don't see how there can be another show next year without Jack Riffert and Osgood Sewall. Next year came the field meet, you remember that don't you, Osgood?

Yes, I remember our track meet. It certainly was a great day for "1910." What did you do with that individual championship, Russell? You and Cupid Vail and Tom Ricketts were certainly the candy kids. It was great to C. B. Vail jump. How about the stage we went over in, and all the blue and gold trimming that floated little by little away on the breeze! Of course we carved the corner table at Ritz' afterwards in honor of our 48 points.

And the masquerade, that was the best Hallowe'en we've had, and I don't think we will ever forget the time we devoured the turkey.

It was then the boys were stung.

Speaking of stings reminds me of last Christmas when——

Sure enough, that was when our Dr. Riffert here took charge of the "Junior Insane Asylum." Will you ever forget those pitiful new cases of insanity,—such as feminitis, giggilitis, swell-headeditis and lolly-popitis, that Dr. Jack discovered during those operations? Remember when he operated on that Miss Stiles, and had to use an axe to split the Newell-post skull? Dr. Munyon here placed his name on the list of expert "Veterinary Surgeons" when he discovered, in operating on that little fellow "Clark," a disease now called "Noisy Socks," in which two different germs are found, the red and the yellow. One of the little girls liked to play "jacks," even with our *Jack*.

How about the time we swamped the faculty! Well, I guess there's some class to us. They even got Zeus to come back, but we just had to hand the ball over his head to Stretch, and Stretch would reach down and drop it into the basket. Mr. Best played an awfully rough game. I remember I was up against him for awhile, and when he couldn't do anything else, he would pull my hair and shove me around. He and Mr. Hubbard had been up to the Y. M. C. A. every day for about a month doing fatigue exercises to get their wind, and Mr. Hubbard played the game of his life. If Mr. Howe had gone to the Y. M. C. A. with the



CLASS OF 1910

Photo by Stone

others he might have been able to last the game out, but I guess that was just a put up job to let more of the students in to help them. The only ones on the faculty team that did any real playing were "Shaky" and "Rope," the "subs," and they did it all. Why, if it hadn't been for some few shots we let Shaky get, there wouldn't have been any fun. Zeus would grab frantically up in the region of the roof and catch the ball and then, holding it above his head so Rus Miller couldn't get it, he would rush down the floor with poor Fred, who seemed to be trying to block him but he was really trying to let him get one in. The two most exciting points in the game were when Zeus lost a basket listening to the cheering of the teachers, led by Miss Ball, and when Mr. Howe sat on the floor and refused to play until somebody gave him some more breath.

Don't say anything about Mr. Howe. He's a brick; have you forgotten how he helped us with the scenes of Macbeth and Julius Cæsar?

Three cheers for Sammy!

Let's see what came next, oh yes, the girls' birthday party! The boys did *so* want to share some of those cakes! We were hardly over the shock of seeing Miss Ball get a solitaire diamond out of the cake when the senior play came on the stage.

Yes that play! Didn't Celia do some tall fussing in the forest scene with a certain person in the audience. Wonder how much said person saw of the touching scene between Rosalind and Orlando. Who said Julia Marlowe knew anything about acting? No one, certainly, who has once seen our Frances. Was there ever such a demonstration of the fact, that "actions speak louder than words," than Oliver's five minute pantomime? Jigsaw puzzle! Why did the audience laugh at duke's entrance and at Adam's dignified exit? No wonder the cast covered themselves with glory when one of their number was such a born actor as Touchstone and one who was so natural on the stage. It seems marvelous that such perfect rustics as Silvius, William, Phoebe and Audrey should be the products of a city High School. Strange but true, what a good country lout Cupid made! The forest of Arden will always bring to our thoughts a little shy-eyed forest maid, with long black braids, who captivated the heart of one of the rustics at least. As for Jacques, he managed to convey an impression of deep thoughtfulness much at variance with his daily appearance.

The play was tip top, but we mustn't blow our own horns too loudly. Didn't we have a good time at the senior reception that Mr. and Mrs. Best

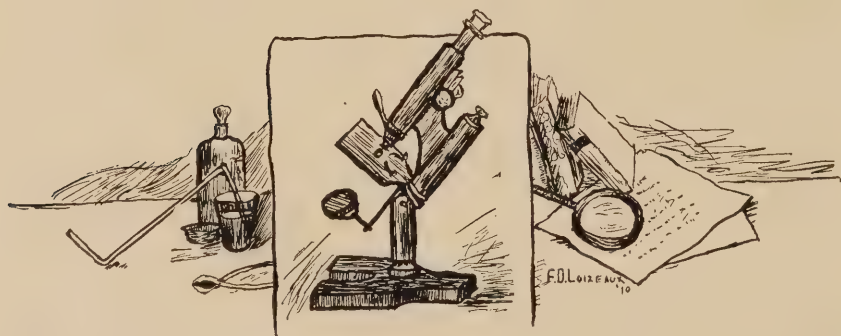
gave us! That was one of the finest times we have had this year and that comet, oh that comet, did you ever see anything so accommodating! How about it, Rus?

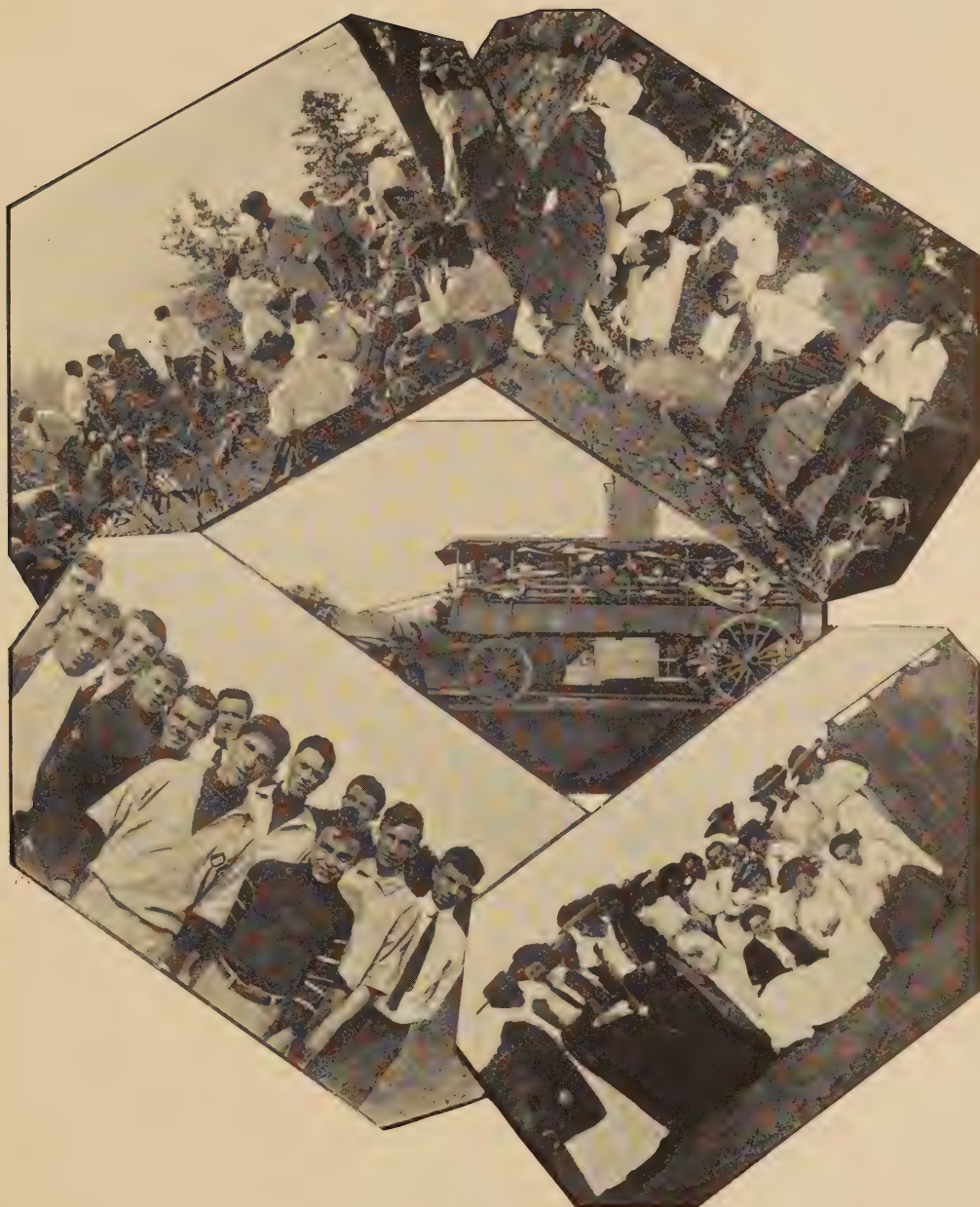
Three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Best!

That reminds me of the time we wanted to pass our finals and let the faculty beat us in the annual Senior-Faculty game of base-ball. Of course Prof. Beals and Charlie Line couldn't play because the faculty needed some of their number for umpires. I'd like to know what Ben Evans told Beals that time when he called Putnam out on second base! Putnam slid in and was sitting on the bag when Ben caught the ball and tagged him; he then turned around to Beals and said something and Beals said, "Oh yes, of course he's out."

The faculty are O. K. even tho' they did beat us. Miss Ball certainly gave us a dandy picnic; and we saved our board at home in fine style, for we had so much to eat we didn't need any more for a week. But didn't we have a great time! We cooked our supper, rather Miss Ball's, by a blazing log fire in true woodsman fashion. Afterwards, we told stories and sang, and laughed at Mr. Best's bottles, till a few drops of rain warned us it was time to go home; so hand in hand, we descended the mountain, while Miss Ball's searchlight did the work of a competent chaperon. Perhaps we did get a little damp on the way home, but really wasn't it the best yet?

Three cheers for Miss Ball!





STUDYING???

Award of Prizes, 1910

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

- I. The George H. Babcock Prize, given by Mrs. George H. Babcock.
First Prize—\$15.00 expended in books, Alice Mary Doane.
Second Prize—\$10.00 expended in books, Dorothy Smith.
Honorable Mention—George Murray.
- II. The Daily Press Prize for the best essay written on a topic relating to municipal affairs.
Prize—\$10.00 in gold, Howard Judson Runyon, Jr.
Honorable Mention—Dixon Philips.
- III. Prize for the best essay on a given topic, offered by the W. C. T. U.
Prize—\$5.00 in gold, Margaret Virginia Leggett.
Honorable Mention—Richard McIntyre.

MATHEMATICS.

- The Dr. C. H. Stillman prize, given by Mr. Wm. M. Stillman.
First Prize—\$15.00 in gold, Elmer Hunting.
Second Prize—\$10.00 in gold, Edith Whitney.
Honorable Mention—Louis Strong, Frank Schwed.

TRANSLATION PRIZES.

For the best translation of assigned passages, a first prize of three dollars, and a second prize of two dollars, to be expended in books chosen by the receiver of the prize.

MODERN LANGUAGES—Given by Mr. Ernest R. Ackerman.

Senior French.

- First Prize—Elsie Emery Bird.
Second Prize—Marguerite Garretson Van Zandt.
Honorable Mention—Barbara Fleming.

Junior French.

- First Prize—Louise Bird.
Second Prize—Elizabeth Hardwicke.
Honorable Mention—Margaret Prescott Vail.

Senior German.

- First Prize—Ouida Elizabeth Louise Hetfield.
Second Prize—Marion Anna Praed.
Honorable Mention—Meta Rutter Pennock.

Junior German.

- First Prize—Helen Eliza Pearce.
Second Prize—Charles Schuck.
Honorable Mention—Herman L. Shrager.

LATIN PRIZES—Given by Mr. Alexander Gilbert.

Virgil.

- First Prize—Elsie Emery Bird.
 Second Prize—
 Honorable Mention— } No award.

Cicero—

- First Prize—Helen Pearce.
 Second Prize—Louise Bird.
 Honorable Mention—Agnes Scribner.

Cæsar.

- First Prize—Nora McDonough.
 Second Prize—Helen Ryder.
 Honorable Mention—Effie Beekman.

COMMERCIAL PRIZES.

Given by Mr. Ernest R. Ackerman.

A first prize of three dollars and a second prize of two dollars to be expended in books.

Bookkeeping.

- First Prize—John Heron.
 Second Prize—Albert Frank Bryniarski.
 Honorable Mention—Arthur Henry Zeckendorf.

Typewriting.

- First Prize—Ethel Odessa Rogers.
 Second Prize—Louisa McCormick.
 Honorable Mention—Ethel Madoline Strader.

Stenography.

- First Prize—Louisa McCormick.
 Second Prize—Frank Arthur Putnam.
 Honorable Mention—Anna Louise Lee.

Amanuensis.

- First Prize—Nettie Garretson Stillman.
 Second Prize—Beulah Miriam Van Winkle.
 Honorable Mention—Kathryn Romania Moynihan.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

The Dr. J. B. Probasco Prize, given by Mrs. J. B. Probasco.

Prize—\$10 in gold—Carter Lymon Goodrich.

Honorable Mention { Harold Woodruff Tomlinson.
 Henry Morris Look.

Literary Productions of 1910

<i>Book Titles</i>	<i>Author</i>
"How to play the piano in chapel".....	Bessie Alpaugh
"New Rochelle, the Beautiful".....	Amy Abel
"Study Hour, and how to get there: an appreciation of Room 75"	Louise Andrews
"Capital Punishment, an argument"	Elsie Bird
"Natural Interpretation of a Clown's Part".....	William Bullock
"My North Plainfield Friends"	Edna Cole
"Beauty and how to obtain it"	Muriel Collins
"365 selected excuses for tardiness (suitable for all occasions)"	Alice Doane
"How to make suggestions"	Lila D��y
"Women and the vote"	Madeline Durar
Vol. I, "Yale and Me,"	
Vol. II, "Me and Yale"	Horace Earle
"How to teach Seniors successfully (as told by one who knows)"	Barbara Fleming
"Book of Conundrums, containing the famous one: 'Why am I like a hunter?' Ans.—'Because I can make a little hare (hair) go a long way' ".....	Cora Gray
"How to be inconspicuous"	Maud Greene
"How to please Miss Ball"	Otis Hovey
"Me" by myself	Theodore Hamilton
"How to laugh and cry at the same time".....	Ouida Hetfield
"How I cultivated a sense of direction in fainting".....	Ruth Klein
"The art of monopolizing class meetings, or my attempts at oratory"	John Kenney
"The ethics of rapid transit from Dunellen to P. H. S.," Kathryn Moynihan	
The works of D. Russell Miller in V Vols.	
Vol I, "How I won my P. H. S."	
Vol. II, "How I won my '10"	
Vol. III, "How I won the 880 dash"	
Vol. IV, "How I run my automobile"	
Vol. V, "Where I buy my good looking clothes," Russell Miller	
"How to fuss"	Russell Morris
"A dissertation on how to catch snails".....	Elizabeth Maclay
"How I veni, vidi, vici the president of 1910".....	Frances Newell
"What N. P. H. S. lost when I came to P. H. S".....	Alan Overton

- Vol. I, "What the Faculty know about me."
 Vol. II, "What the Faculty would like to know about me."
 Vol. III, IV, V, "What I know about the Faculty"..... Grace Parker
 "How to grumble"..... Marion Praed
 "How to avoid E grades"..... Meta Penmock
 "How I honored P. H. S. by my presence"..... Frank Putnam
 "How to mind other people's business" Ethel Rogers
 "How to fish" Mary Radford
 "A bird's eye view of P. H. S."..... Howard Runyon
 "How to *draw* a crowd" Thomas Ricketts
 "Femina triumphat" John Riffert
 "Tips on the stock market, *Bonds* a specialty"..... Helen Smith
 "How to take punishment"..... Lester Sutton
 "How I *almost* ran the Senior class" Nettie Stillman
 "The necessity of an Inspirer" Osgood Sewall
 "How to make colors swear"..... Beulah Van Winkle
 "The Works of Hercules"..... Clifford Vail
 "How to be real funny"..... Celestine Waldron
 A little ditty entitled, "Sister's hair will soon match Gracie's", Grace Woolston
 The Great American Opera! "Ten Nights in a Bar Room"
 Sensational Window Smashing Scene
 Grand triumphal W. C. T. U. Pageant
 Better than 1000 Temperance Tracts!
 Words and music by Margaret V. Leggett

Wanted

- By Muriel Collins, "The Valedictory."
 Russell Morris, "My B. A."
 Kathryn Moynihan, "A new straw hat for next winter's wear."
 Miriam Van Horn, "A few more animals to cut up in Biology (something larger than rats this time)."
 Myra Dunavan, "The hours I spent in study."
 Fred Loizeaux, "A few more girls to manage me."
 Arline Brown, "A permanent seat at Proctor's."
 Harry Brick, "A wife."
 Marguerite Van Zandt, "A tongue."
 Agnes Moffett, Mabel Whitford, Annie Mauger, Helen MacCallum,
 "The power of speech."
 Edith Bush, "A little nerve,"



CAST OF IQIO SENIOR PLAY
"AS YOU LIKE IT."

“As You Like It”

By the Editor-in-Chief of the “Oracle”

1910 is certainly to be congratulated upon its Senior play, Shakespeare's “As You Like It.” When the fact is taken into consideration that this play is an exceedingly hard one to present and to stage, the cast, without exception, did remarkably well. The Plainfield theater was filled, on the evening of May 14th, with an audience that showed by their applause that the Senior play was appreciated and that it was a success. Dr. Maxson paid a tribute to the class when he said that amateur performances often excelled professional in the fact that professionals centered all their interests on the stars while amateurs made even the minor parts important.

A large share of the glory belongs to the coaches, Miss Day and Mr. Howe. They showed a thorough knowledge of the play but better than that, they knew how to impart their knowledge to others.

But as to the cast itself: Frances Newell, as *Rosalind*, proved her ability as an actress. She made one of Shakespeare's most lovable heroines appear to the best advantage. It will not be too much to say that in little gestures and actions, Miss Newell's acting strongly resembled that of Julia Marlowe.

Fred Loizeaux took the part of *Orlando*, and he made a good one. Silks and satins were very becoming, and we could not blame *Rosalind* for falling in love with him at first sight.

When a young person takes the part of an old man, it requires real ability. This is why the portrayal by Grace Woolston and Clifford Vail of the difficult parts of *Adam* and *Corin* deserve such high praise.

Celia, the close companion and adviser of *Rosalind*, was represented by Meta Pennock, who acted in a natural manner.

Congratulations to William Bullock, who successfully played *Touchstone, the Jester*. It is not always easy to be a fool, but Mr. Bullock carried out his acting with the ease and grace of a professional. Master Benjamin Doane made a cunning little page. When we are speaking of *Touchstone*, surely we must speak of *Audrey*. Celestine Waldron made a decided hit in the part, although she was on the stage but a short time.

Shakespeare frequently makes the part of the villain a difficult one. Frank Putnam, as *Oliver, Orlando's* brother, deserves much credit for putting so much originality into his part.



ROSALIND, CELIA, AND ORLANDO

In the part of *Jacques*, Theodore Hamilton distinguished himself, only it was hard to recognize Ted as the "melancholy youth."

Howard Runyon, who took the parts of *Duke Frederick* and also of the usurping duke, acted with suitable dignity.

Alan Overton threw much action into the play in his wrestling match with *Orlando*. The tiny green *bonnet* which he wore, was particularly effective. Lila Düy, as *Silvius*, caused much laughter by her ardent wooing of the coy and coquettish maiden, *Phoebe* (Mary Radford).

Ruth Kline, an attractive forest maid, with the foresters, John Kenney, Russell Miller, Lester Sutton and Osgood Sewall, added not a little to the picturesqueness of the wood scene.

And to Edna Cole, as *Monsieur Le Beau*, we say in a true French style, "très bien."

Mr. Howe came to the rescue by taking the part of *Amiens*, the singer. He acted as only Mr. Howe can act!

When 1910 looks upon the bank book which Harry Brick, the business manager, possesses, they will realize still more that the Senior play was a great success, not only from a dramatic, but from a financial standpoint.





Frances Newell

The "Rosalind" of
the Senior Play

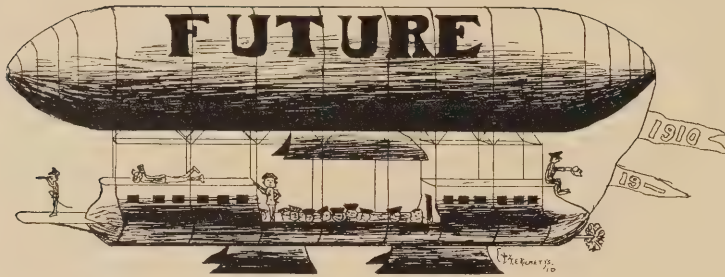


AUDREY, TOUCHSTONE AND WILLIAM

Senior Class Statistics

Adopted by Vote of Class

Most Popular, Margaret Leggett Fred Loizeaux	Most Childish, Mary Radford Lester Sutton	Biggest Eater, Mary Radford Theodore Hamilton
Done Most for P. H. S., Margaret Leggett Howard Runyon	Best Singer, Louise Andrews Russell Miller	Teacher's Pet, Muriel Collins Otis Hovey
Done Most for 1910, Frances Newell Fred Loizeaux	Most Talkative, Grace Parker William Bullock	Worst Giggler, Frances Newell William Bullock
Best All-Round Girl, Louise Andrews	Most Graceful, Bessie Alpaugh William Bullock	Most Generous, Kathryn Moynihan Fred Loizeaux
Best All-Round Boy, Russell Miller	Biggest Jollier, Grace Parker Jack Riffert	Stingiest, Muriel Collins John Kenney
Best Looking Girl, Louise Andrews	Greatest in Latitude, Arline Brown Clifford Vail	Grouchiest, Celestine Waldron John Kenney
Best Looking Boy, Russell Morris	Greatest in Longitude, Barbara Fleming Howard Runyon	Crankiest, Ethel Rogers Thomas Ricketts
Most Athletic, Barbara Fleming Russell Miller	Biggest Bluffer, Grace Parker Horace Earle	Most Happy-go-lucky, Cora Gray Osgood Sewall
Best Actress, Frances Newell	Laziest, Elizabeth Maclay Clifford Vail	Best Dressed, Bessie Alpaugh Russell Morris
Best Actor, William Bullock	Most Artistic, Helen Smith Alan Overton	Biggest Kicker, Nettie Stillman John Kenney
Faculty Rusher, Muriel Collins Alan Overton	Most Energetic, Amy Abel Harry Brick	Neatest, Miriam Van Horn Russell Miller
Faculty Torment, Grace Parker Horace Earle	Most Attractive, Louise Andrews Horace Earle	Wittiest, Grace Parker William Bullock
Best Natured, Grace Woolston Clifford Vail	Most Bashful, Marguerite VanZandt Otis Hovey	Most Systematic, Myra Dunavan Harry Brick
Biggest Fusser, Mary Radford Russell Morris	Most Dignified, Elsie Bird Howard Runyon	Most Executive Ability, Margaret Leggett Howard Runyon
Biggest Knocker, Margaret Leggett Horace Earle	Biggest Grind, Muriel Collins John Kenney	Best Dancer, Frances Newell Frank Putnam
Most Likely to Succeed, Meta Pennock Harry Brick		
Biggest Grafter, Mary Radford William Bullock		



Before breaking up our camp, 1910 discovered that two of the girls knew something of palmistry; so wishing to know our fates before starting out, we asked them to read some of our palms. This was the result:

AMY ABEL: Your life line is a long and tempestuous one. I see the decided curve it took when you left New Rochelle to join us at P. H. S. and teach the senior girls how to buy 98 cent articles for \$2.50. But to your future. The first thing I see is a visit to Europe in search of Paris bargains, where a man crosses your path. He is your affinity as he is a floorwalker in one of the large department stores. You and he make your fortune by a little book entitled, "How to dress properly or the art of imitating Muriel's clothes." You settle with your millions in Plainfield in a double house, the other half of which is occupied by Miriam Van Horn.

EDITH BUSH: I have no fear that you will go astray, fair maid, for I know that you will all your life follow a perfectly straight *Line*.

HARRY BRICK: I look on your hand for a fortune, Harry, and see only a large "M". Before me are the newspapers of 1931 and I read:

"The most notable 'entrepreneur' of modern business, Mr. Harry Brickafeller, will pass thru Plainfield Monday. Rumor has it that he will stay over night at the house of a private citizen, a Mr. James D. Macnab, tho the beautiful new Brickafeller Hotel has been placed at his disposal. This man stands to-day where no one else ever stood, the possessor of an immense fortune, every cent of which was gained honestly."

CLIFFORD VAIL: "Cupid" Vail, your name prophesies your fortune. After making your millions at the P. H. S. lunch counter, you go into partnership with Betty Vincent and write beautiful advice to all the love-lorn of Plainfield High. Finally you pose for a great artist and become the original of a beautiful ad. entitled, "Why be thin when flesh is so becoming?"

MARY RADFORD: This bonnie fair lassie is at last going "hame" to Scotland. Behind the disappearing vessel that bears her over the briny deep, comes a *little* row boat full of her *many* suitors. I see a disaster. The row boat sinks for somebody Gav-ett a shove and it was overbalanced by a single Pound. But Mary soon recovers from this mere trifle and marries a pink cheeked Scotchman after throwing down the best that *this* country could afford.

JOHN KENNEY: Just a minute, Jack. Please don't start to talk yet. We know you are going into politics and your inaugural address will be the best on record. Your fame will be established by a few demonstrations of how to make a submarine fly in the air. But your fortune, so much more practical than your fame, will be made by selling your vocal organs to an eminent specialist as specimens of the best developed in the world. After this you will live happily and so will everybody else as you can't talk any longer.

ELIZABETH MACLAY: After many years of traveling, Elizabeth will finally reach Philadelphia, 58 miles away, where she will go with one of the fastest sets. Your book on "How to catch snails," will make a big hit and in good old Philadelphia you will be quite the rage.

GRACE PARKER:

This is she
That you see
Yours truly, Grace D. P.
Every day she'll teach her school
And always make this little rule:
"Misplaced scoldings aren't the thing,
At P. H. S. they've had their fling.
Be easy on the kids I say,
So *down* with work and *up* with play."

ALAN OVERTON: A busy life is yours in the next few years, for you will hurry about to all the colleges, trying to find which one you will have and which one will have you. This latter question is very serious considering the fact that you come from North Plainfield but by a valuable pull with Horace Barnard Earle of Yale Sheffield, 1913, Yale will let you in, and there you will remain for many years, a coach in wrestling.

HELEN SMITH: Our fashion plate stands before us. Oh Helen, you

have a dressy career. In the end of your life, you buy up the "Vogue" and become very rich by being one of the biggest *Bondholders* in Plainfield.

CELESTINE WALDRON: I see before you a theatrical career. The grace, sentimentality and the charming giggle which you put into the 1910 Senior play and your artistic ability to draw a crowd, will win for you the part of the heroine in "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl." As the company is *Billed* to pay a yearly visit to *Stamford*—no wonder you are willing to give up the joys of "our new house" for the stage.

EDNA COLE: After women have gained the great cause of suffrage, you will spend your life in politics, trying to annex North Plainfield to Plainfield so that your *interests* may be more united.

MAUDE GREENE:

Maude Greene is now seen
So calm and serene;
She's growing quite lean
From her books.
When she goes away
The prophets all say
She'll be famous some day,
It now looks.

ALICE DOANE: Alice, you have a varied life line. After leaving P. H. S., you will haunt the Broadway theatres and produce a little book entitled, the "Pathos of the Stage." This will be followed by a still larger volume on "What I don't know of Joan of Arc" and a cycle of exquisite sonnets on "Mr. Beal's Theories of Chemistry." This is enough, Alice, to insure your fame, so you will rest on your laurels and finally become professoress of hum-bug-ology at your favorite co-ed college, Earlham.

MURIEL COLLINS: It is an honor to have this belle with us; such an active and popular belle, catching express trains from her engagements at Princeton Junior week, at Annapolis commencement, and then flying to Drake's Business College. I see here 1 class pin,—no, 2 class pins. No wonder you ordered your class pins by the gross! I see a tragic death for you, for you will die in vain trying to distribute your many class pins impartially.

LOUISE ANDREWS: "All ashore who're going ashore," cries the captain. But Louise does not move. From force of habit she *thinks* she's going to Europe. This is the first exciting event in her life, for she is carried

far out to sea and returns on the pilot boat. Do you hear that dull sound like a fainting phonograph? That's Louise singing! Mr. Sanderson offered Louise a huge sum to sing at his theatre but Louise refused, preferring her little street organ and monkey instead. At one time in her life she had a prosperous florist establishment, stocked by the many bouquets of her various suitors, but as they died, one by one, of old age, Louise opened an office on the corner of Second Street and Plainfield Avenue to give advice how to raise a bigger rumpus in one minute than anybody else. So is her life spent in happiness and peace.

ARLINE BROWN: There's music in the air and I note Arline. I see, Arline, that you will become a very *notable* person by singing one verse after another of illustrated songs to breathless Proctor audiences. Before me is a crowded theatre. "Love me and the World is Mine" floats to the ceiling to Beulah Van Winkle's piano accompaniment. For an enthusiastic encore, you will recite, "My Days at P. H. S. or Other Social Triumphs."

LILA DÜY: I gaze at your life line and see naught but a glare of foot-lights. You become a great actress and for many seasons you reign in New York as a tragedy queen. Finally you elope with your business manager. Upon this event a newspaper is started to report your whereabouts from which you will make your millions and live happily ever after.

THEODORE HAMILTON: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances and one man in his time plays many parts."

Here are yours, Ted:

- 1st age—the bawling kid
- 2nd " —the baseball fiend
- 3rd " —the slushy fusser
- 4th " —the P. H. S. cadet
- 5th " —the bully politician
- 6th " —the jolly batchelor
- 7th " —gone, but not forgotten.

"Farewell, Ted!"

BEULAH VAN WINKLE: After your great success as the orchestra at the dress rehearsal of the senior play, you discover that your fortune lies in playing. Your first venture will be at Proctor's, where you will gain for yourself a reputation in playing 999 ragtime ditties in $6\frac{5}{60}$ minutes.

Then the Mathushek piano company will hire you as an advertisement of the "endurance powers of our pianos." "Play on, fair Beulah, play on!"

NETTIE STILLMAN: What is your future? Ah, Nettie, you keep the name of Stillman none too long for it is changed by a young millionaire who daily flies you about in his aeroplane and automobile. Your auto bonnets are portrayed by the *Delineator* and the *Ladies' World*, while A. E. Force makes his fortune by selling their patterns.

RUTH KLEIN: After rushing the faculty for four years at P. H. S., you will go out into the world and take up the occupation of a *Miller*. At making flour and then bread, you will become so famous that your name will go abroad and you will make your fortune. Your specialty will be always to dress in silks. It will always be possible to know your presence by the *Russell* that goes with you. You will finally meet your fate, when very old, in an automobile accident.

HORACE EARLE: I see here blue blood. What can it be? It's Hinglish, bah jove! No, perhaps,—can the blue stand for Yale? Of course! Who would ever imagine Yale without Horace! This is the man who made Yale famous. In the future I can see Americans sending their boys to Yale, for Yale is the college that turns out earls. Yes, Yale *turns out* Earles! When there are no more hearts to be broken, you will go back to South America, where, far from the faculty of the Plainfield High School, you can dream in peace and write upon the subject, "Why my departure from Taft School utterly ruined the school," for it is hopeless to think you will ever reduce your badly swelled head.

CORA GRAY: In future years we will look from the elevated trains, subways, aeroplanes, and railroad trains and see huge pictures of a startling beauty with flowing, wavy tresses. We recognize the beautiful blonde as our Cora, and swell with pride as we read the inscription: "Danderine grew this hair and we can prove it."

BARBARA FLEMING: I see here a varied career. Next year Miss Fleming will substitute for Miss S. Lena Bass, but here Miss Fleming, you will have difficulty, for from your lofty position you will be unable to recognize the tiny freshmen. The next year you will run a dancing class—boys a specialty—and from your reputation gained during the Kirmess, you will be very popular. Bostoning is your leading accomplishment and you are *dippy* about it. The third year, you have an auction sale of your

cups won in tennis and from this you will gain a fortune with which you build a mansion in Delaware, where you spend the rest of your days.

WILLIAM BULLOCK: Billy, you have a forceful future before you. For the first ten years after leaving P. H. S. you pose as the original of Sunny Jim. Then your days are spent on the ocean liners where, after much hard labor, you are allowed to polish the captain's brass buttons with your radiant smile. Finally you, a budding genius, blossom to a blooming idiot and you spend the rest of your days in England telling "George how to do it."

FRANCES NEWELL: Well, Frances, what is in your hand? My, what a domestic life, you will start to go to Wellesley, but for reasons known to yourself alone, you change your tactics, and take a course in domestic science at Simm's. But gracious, how many suitors do I see here,—why, I can hardly count them. But there is only one for you and the marriage line is cut deep and strong. In the future I picture a big crackling fire and in front of it are two big arm chairs—you are in one and in the other—but the back is turned so you'll have to guess!

ETHEL ROGERS: After your successful career at the Public Library, Mrs. McLean, chief scrapper of the D. A. R., will hear of your efficiency in advising and send for you as a helper in her work. You will die a tragic death in one of their gentle rough houses, and your native city will raise a monument in your memory at the corner of Spooner Avenue and 3rd Street.

MIRIAM VAN HORN: Behold our village cut-up! I see you are going to Swarthmore to take a special course in biology. But oh, what a disaster, for the first day in laboratory work, while working on Protozoans (pronounced *protózoans* by Mr. Hubbard), they will sweep you up, a tiny freshman, with the remains of the specimens, a touching case of vivisection!

META PENNOCK: Why, Meta, what a strange picture I see before me. There will certainly be a comedy of errors Thursday night. I see you there delivering your soul-stirring ditty before a breathless audience. Suddenly a titter goes around—and a little girl in the front row whispers in a stage voice, "Mamma, mamma, what is that, hanging down that lady's back?" From pure instinct you feel your hair and find the snaky roll of golden wool falling down *again*. Oh Meta! You hold it up for a min-

ute and then with your usual ingenuity, you let out one of your unearthly shrieks which we have heard before in Macbeth. Immediately the church is emptied. Calmly you fix your coiffure and after the people discover you are really not dangerous, they file back into the church, and you, all undaunted by this common occurrence, finish your speech midst bouquets and cheers. Vale, vale, Meta!

JACK RIFFERT: Next year the *Maine* thing you do is to be the captain on the New York-Portland boat. But you have genius in other lines, such as getting on the right side of High School teachers, previous to examinations, by playing on the faculty team, and playing the fool Friday afternoons with Clyde Doane. This vaudeville act is really remarkable and Keith will soon find it out. You will star in a performance in Philadelphia entitled, "Vas iss it?" and ever afterwards they will try to find out "vas iss it?" Some even called it Halley's comet—but never mind Jack, you're a Eat-a-Pie man, and *you* won't tell.

ELSIE BIRD: Will you allow me to hold your hand? Thank you. What is this I see? Your life line is entangled with the alphabet. After post-graduating from college, your name remains Elsie Emery Bird, B. A., M. A., LL. D., P. D. Q., to the end of your days for it is beyond the power of mere man to persuade you to change that.

MYRA DUNAVAN: M—Y—R—A D—U—N—A—V—A—N! Ah, Myra! you have a great literary career before you. A telepathic voice whispers your future. M—Y—R—A D—U—N—A—V—A—N, you become famous by writing a dictionary for the use of all editors entitled, "How to write my name." Thus your literary fame is established and Johnson and Webster fade into insignificance.

OTIS HOVEY: I see before you a life of usefulness to mankind. You will build a house filled with laboratories in which you will work 25 hours a day and finally you will be blown up in an attempt to prove that the sand in the lunch-counter cocoa, if properly utilized, can be easily transformed into imitation seeds for tomato soup.

OSGOOD SEWALL: Osgood, you will become so fascinated with the joys of nautical life that you will give up your first and only love—the hardware business and become captain of a big ocean liner where you can sometimes be seen, on a black and stormy night, pacing the bridge and declaring in

the same mighty voice (which you used in the senior performance of Macbeth), above the thunder of the waves:

"How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags, what is't you do?
I do conjure you by all which you profess
How e'er you come to know it, to answer me
Though—though—though— — — — — Oh! what the deuce!!"

MABEL WHITFORD: You lost the chance of a life time when you moved to New Market. Why expose yourself to the perils of Plainfield's suburbs? Some time fate may rescue you, if you watch your opportunity and you will become famous as an inventor of a great patent medicine, "warranted to kill the New Market germ."

MARGARET LEGGETT: Ahem! Look who's here! Greetings and salutations, Peggy. You're little—but oh my! While delivering the never-to-be forgotten salutatorian speech Margaret, you will prove too much for the floor and sink into the pool at the Baptist church as you cry loudly—"Now people, don't get humorous!" Twice you sink when suddenly with a loud war whoop, a figure of a Mohegan appears and rescues you from your watery grave. "Bravo!" cry the surging band of suitors, who press forward all too late to rescue you, thus finding favor in your eyes. Margaret, you will spend your life in the lofty position of editoress-in-chief of the world famed *Ink-Pot Chronicle*. Virtue is its own reward!

FRED LOIZEAUX: We are now overwhelmed—it is *Orlando*. Girls, hold on to your hearts. Ah, Fred, how much you make me think of the senior play, when we had to tack up signs all over the theatre: "Don't feed Orlando peanuts. He's dangerous as a heart-breaker." Well, after this gentle swain leaves P. H. S., he will go forth into the world where his gentle ways please the populace so much that he will be made president of the D. A. R. Here he will teach his followers how to knock correctly. When he gets real desperate, he eats a large amount of breakfast food for dinner and so passes his tempestuous existence.

* * * * *

*"Welsh rarebits make you dream,
And all your dreams come true;
So classmates, hear this little yarn,
For it's been dreamed of you."*

"It was in the year 1931. Strange was the sight that greeted me

for I found myself in a great city, full of busy people who hurried through the streets, through the subways, and who sped recklessly through the air in aeroplanes. I started to cross the street, but a warning screech from a siren made me jump back just in time to avoid a magnificent touring car which whirled past me. I gasped in astonishment. One of the two fair haired occupants was none other than Bessie Alpaugh whom I recognized the instant the car passed. I stood and stared in a vain attempt to catch a glimpse of the other's face, but it was too late. A tuft of waving, light hair was the only clue which met my gaze. Just as I was thinking, "Still speeding, aren't you, Bess?" a heavy hand fell on my shoulder, accompanied by a harsh command to "move on." I complied in terror, but there was something familiar in the swarthy countenance of the policeman that puzzled me. Suddenly I remembered Lester Sutton,—*now* over six feet. I watched in admiration the manner in which he managed the crowds and controlled the traffic. But listen! I noted a sudden silence! Ah! small wonder! I saw the aerial bulletin-board on which the latest news is flashed. What's this: "Dartmouth 25—Yale 0! Dartmouth wins the foot-ball championship for the 15th consecutive time, mainly through the coaching of former full-back, Overton." I looked again and read: "Kenney elected by a large majority over the prominent suffragette, Miss Durar. He will stand for freedom of speech. Has no other platform but 30-cent gas." I sauntered down the street. Were those familiar names on yon bill-board? Even so. I read as follows: "Positively the last performance this season by the world renowned artists, Miss Louise Andrews and Miss Meta Pennock. They will sing the ever-popular ditty entitled, 'You can string beans but you can't kid gloves.'" I read on further: "Osgood Sewall, the greatest living dramatist, presents to-night his latest success, 'How could she?' a comedy in 23 acts. Grace Woolston and Kathryn Moynihan will also appear in a laughable sketch entitled, 'Everybody works the Faculty.'" A newsboy passed me yelling out, "Extra! Extra! D. Russell Miller purchases the Victor Company." Quite thoughtful of Russ. He liked the name; he liked to hear his own melodious voice and also he was then able to smash all the records he wanted to without any trouble to himself.

Then I passed a large, gloomy building which, upon inquiry, I found was the Insane Asylum, and out of curiosity I entered. Pitiful was the sight which met my eyes. There in the front cell sat Frank Putnam, a

raving lunatic! He had lost all his money in a base-ball pool the previous month. His relatives, so it was told me, were still seeking for Howard Runyon, the promotor of the scheme, in order to sue him for damages. Melodious tones issued forth from the cell on the right. I looked in and saw Tom Ricketts playing or rather singing an accompaniment to an oyster which, after months of effort, he had trained to whistle "No. 52." I tore myself away from this inspiring sight and wandered further down the corridors to see old acquaintances as "Sally" Waldron who, by the way, lost her mind while promoting a real estate deal at Stamford, Conn., and Lila Düy, the would-be victim, was in the cell next door. (It seemed to me I *had* heard Sally speak of Stamford.)

As I came out of the building, I had to step into the street to let pass Marion Praed, Agnes Moffett and fourteen or fifteen other girls whom Arthur Johnson was going to treat at one of Ritz's stores. I was quite surprised to see Arthur in girls' company. Following the crowd, I soon stopped to look into a large window where a man was manufacturing diamonds from sawdust. I halted beside a casual observer, but a familiar muttering, "Shucks, I know how to do that," caused me to look up and I recognized my old friend, Otis Hovey. I was just about to speak to him when all of a sudden, he dashed off down a side street. I looked around and saw a tiny girl of about four approaching the window. Poor Otis! Still bashful!

Just then I met Mary Radford and of course I heard all the latest gossip. Marguerite VanZandt and Muriel Collins, she said, had learned all there is to know, while Ouida Hetfield and Ruth Kline had endeavored to perfect themselves in the pronunciation of the Hindoo language which they found rather difficult. Barbara Fleming, bemoaning the fact that the price of tennis balls had gone up, was selling her prizes to buy more. Concerning Margaret Leggett, Mary knew nothing except that, according to reports, she was far removed from the society of boys and spent her time studying "the appreciation of music," such as "Keep your foot on the soft, soft pedal," and similar masterpieces. Helen MacCallum and Annie Mauger had reduced living to a science. Mary gave me directions how to reach Sewall's farm and see old Grace Parker, and how to get to Loizeaux's tavern which was still run by women. Mary rattled on and on but just then a crowd came around the corner chased by the stalwart policeman Sutton. As they passed me, bang went his pistol and I woke with a start.

*Photo by Stone*

SENIOR BASEBALL TEAM

*Photo by Stone*

SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Seniors vs. Faculty

Senior privileges! Who said the Seniors had privileges? Why, the Faculty even beat them in baseball! But just whisper that softly. The Senior boys aren't the kind of fellows to take advantage of the awkwardness and old age of their would-be baseball "profs."—they rubbed it into them too heavy in basketball to have the hardness of heart to repeat that overwhelming victory, so they satisfied themselves with giving a dandy imitation of trying to play, and let the Faculty win by a score of 7—5. (and the Faculty really thought they *earned* the game!)

Although they have always been recognized as having the *Best Ball* players in school, yet with such a line-up as the Seniors presented against them, the Faculty would have been in a most pitiful fix if Miller and Runyon had not made it up between themselves to give their teachers a show. So they slipped across the pan nice, easy, correctly gauged balls, which *some* of our profs. proceeded to hit in old time style. Even Big Ben Evans and Little George Broadbent, both of whom don't know a bat from a dustless sweeper, (although they think they do), even those worthies hit the ball in great shape. But Mr. Hubbard! Oh! Mr. Hubbard! Who told you you could play ball? Three successive poke-outs will ruin the "rep." of even a "vet." like you! In the field Messrs. Bostwick and Howe did themselves proud, grabbing every single thing that came their way that didn't go through them. The only traitor to 1910, J. S. Riffert by name, worked well with the first team battery of the Faculty, covering third base the way they do in Squeedunk. Considering who they were, the trio worked very well together and showed that their years of training have not been for naught. But what a surprise Mr. Best had in store for us—we thought he could pitch! When he relieved Clarke in the box, all the Seniors began to quake in their shoes. They feared his "rep." more than anything else it seems, for it is obviously certain that if our beloved Principal had gone into the box one inning earlier, he would have spoiled all the kind hearted plans of the Seniors, and they would have been forced to take the game as a present.

Now for the *real* stars—the shining heroes of a dry and dusty field! "Singer" Brick, at second, made several sensational single-handed stabs, grabbing the ball from the ethereal realms above and always bringing it down in a manner that impressed the poor base-runner who got in its way. Our long-legged, lankily arranged catcher, Howard J. Runyon Jr., caught the twisting, writhing sphere in magnificent style, and slammed it

with the speed of lightning to the bases, making our "prof." stealers tremble for their lives. At first base Overton surely was a second Hal Chase and then some. Next came Ricketts and Hamilton at third and short, who gobbled up all the grounders and nailed all the floaters that came their way in such graceful style that they received most all the applause from the overcrowded grandstand and bleachers. In the field Putnam, Earle, Loizeaux, Hovey, Kenney and Bullock all played as if they had watched baseball games before.

Farewell to our Camping Ground

TUNE—"Santa Lucia."

Four years we've tarried here,
Full of work and play,
But now the time has come
To say good-day;
So fill your glasses up
Full to the very brink,
To our old camping ground
One toast we'll drink.

Chorus: Clink, raise your glasses high,
And drink to Plainfield High.
Now fill them once again
In praise of 1910.
'Tis hard to say good-by,
To you, dear Plainfield High,
'Tis hard to say again,
Good-by old 1910.

Here are we gathered
Saying good-by,
To all our friendship
At Plainfield High,
Hard beats each Senior's heart,
Knowing tonight we part
Knowing we go away
From comrades, work, and play.

Class Will

We, the class of 1910, being of sound mind, memory, understanding, and masters of education, do hereby declare this our last will and testament:

First: To the Plainfield High School at large do we give, devise, and bequeath, the honor and pleasure of having fourteen of this great class as Post Graduates, in the High School next year. That is, we leave, in the person of Miss Bird, an example of what senior dignity ought (?) to be; Lila Düy for the amusement (?) of Miss Bass and Miss Ball; our salutatorian to show them how, where, and when (all winter) to wear a sailor hat; Sally Waldron and that giggle to cheer them on their weary way; and, last but not least, *Miss Fleming* to join the ranks of the faculty.

Second: We give and devise to the entire Plainfield High School our share of *anticipation* in those now famous mythological tennis courts and bicycle sheds.

Third: Do we (in pity) leave an entire drawer full of good material for use next year in that worthy institution "THE ORACLE," and to the Editor-in-chief, we donate a little discretion.

Fourth: We bequeath to all, those jolly Friday afternoon "at homes," with their touching melodramatic productions and displays of unknown (yes, quite known) theatrical powers, by Smith, Ramsey, HARDWICKE and CONLIN to be enjoyed as we have enjoyed them.

Fifth: We give and devise our good example and reputation to be cherished and followed by all those, who in turn, rise to the height of seniors.

Sixth: To the football teams of coming seasons we bequeath the pleasure of tasting that delicious dirt of the new athletic field, when we, as alumni, meet them there.

Seventh: To the class of 1911 we give, devise, bequeath, donate, and insist upon their taking:

a—The Senior room and the right to try and fill it as we did.

b—The Senior PRIVILEGES ("Nuf Ced")

c—The senior lunch tables and front seats in chapel.

d—The honor of being the first class inflicted by that glorious, future-famed public speaking course. (Here's hoping you get some benefit from it.)

e—The joys of argumentation and versification.

f—The fact that it's up to you to TRY and beat "As You Like It."

g—The joys of composition and rejection of petitions from your fertile pens.

Eighth: Also to the illustrious Junior Class we donate the challenge to spend as glorious a senior year in old P. H. S. as we have spent, and

Ninth: Do we pass on to 1911 the privilege of giving their next inferiors the usual Christmas present, and also the right to raise their gaudy standard to the wind at that gay holiday time.

Tenth: To the class of 1913, we devise the duty of taking our places on the grand-stand of Parker Field and cheering our share for the good old Red and Blue.

Eleventh: We give and bequeath to the class of 1914 the grand and glorious colors of Blue and Gold, which we trust will be duly revered and carried through the next four years as high and free as we have marshalled them.

Twelfth: To the various colleges and institutions of learning we give the good fortune of having enrolled among their number, those of our class who have chosen, in leaving this happy camping ground, to honor those same dominions with their presence. Yale is particularly fortunate(?).

And lastly, we desire that this document shall be hung on a weeping willow tree, twenty-seven inches from the ground, where all, from the shortest senior to the tallest freshman, may conveniently read and absorb its valuable contents.

Furthermore we nominate and appoint our honored, true and loyal friends, Macbeth and Julius Cæsar, as executors of this, our last will and testament, to which we have hereunto set our hands and seal this twenty-first day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

CLASS OF 1910,

Signed,

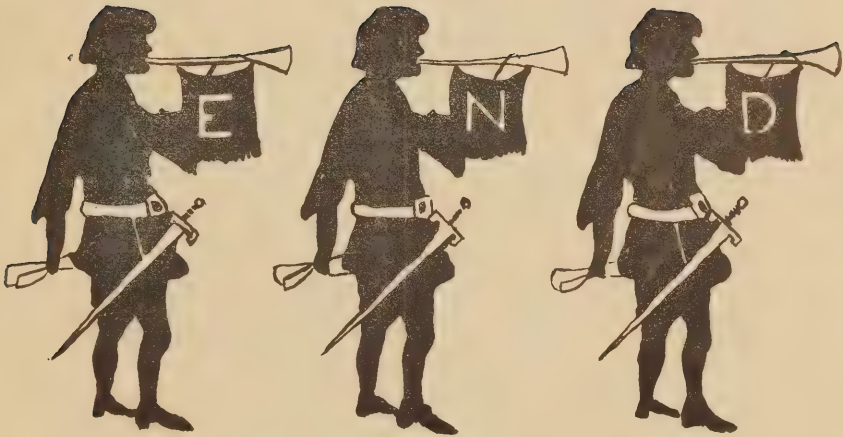
FRED D. LOIZEAUX, *President.*

HOWARD J. RUNYON, JR., *Secretary.*

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of us who hereby affix our signatures,

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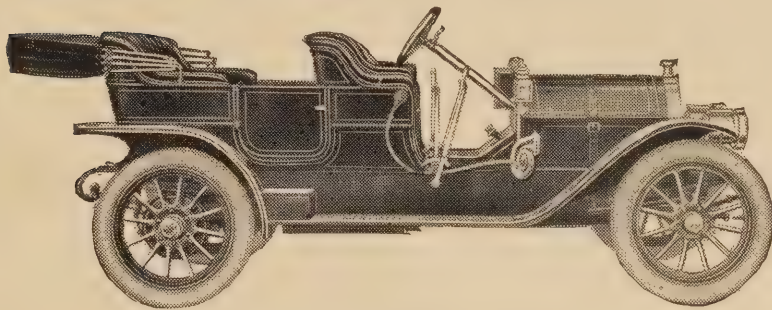
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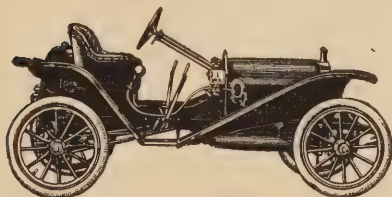
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SO closes the book—the record of our life at the Plainfield High School. We are thankful for all that these four years have given us: the advantages in studies: the chance to work; the many good times; the true friendships made here. As we go out to take our places in the battle of life, we will always look back with pleasure to our four short school years spent together. And so, as a record for our friends, and as a memory book for ourselves, we send forth this little volume.